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1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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1873.

No. 14.

TERM \$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SONG FOR OCTOBER.

Like dew from the wing of a lark upspringing
falls away from my soul its pain and care;
And my heart throbs wild with a glad pulsation,
In the glow and thrill of the sunlit air!

The Heavens are blue, and the earth is glowing;
There's a gleam and blush of leaf and vine;
And the very birds in their joyous flying,
Sparkle and glint in the golden shine.

The vine leaves sway to the dancing zephyr,
And the autumn roses scent the air;
No chill and no gloom and no clouds above me,
Oh, life is sweet and the world is fair!

KITTIE.

JESSIE DALE.

The Conductor's Daughter;
on,

The Plot Against the Pennsylvania Railroad.

BY BURR THORNBURY, Esq.,
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER'S LOVE," "RAVENWOOD,"
"ASKEALE, THE SCOUT," "AG-
NES AYRE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

Beatrice Rowland remained closely in the refuge she had found with the Dales; never going out; grateful and contented, but with the fear still haunting her that she might yet be tracked by her enemies to the spot.

She made herself very useful in the little family, so that she could not have been regarded as eating the bread of charity by any one, though those with whom she was would never dream of asking compensation for the inconsiderable additional expense her presence entailed.

But she had her own thoughts on the subject; and with the natural aversion refined and sensitive nature has for dependence upon others— even though support be given in the guise of the most delicate generous hospitality—she sought to make indirect return of the bounty of which she was the recipient.

She instructed Jessie in music—the latter possessing a fine instrument, and still needing a teacher's aid; she assisted her in her drawing; and even induced her to undertake a course of French—for in these and other accomplishments Mrs. Rowland excelled.

So ceaselessly did she employ herself in ways that added to the enjoyment of the little household, and so closely did she wind herself about their hearts, that they felt already that separation would cost them a pang. If she were to go, something bright would be taken from their lives.

But the prospect was that of their and her desire she was not soon to go.

Mr. Dale had held many conversations with her relative to her previous life, but little more was adduced than she had at first related.

He had brought himself, though with a strange reluctance, to speak of her of the singular agreement of her statement regarding her lost sister with his own experience. Mrs. Rowland was startled to learn of this, and her conclusion was, that possibly she had been again deceived by her false father, when he had represented that the little child known as Jessie was her sister; and that the wife of the rail was indeed Mr. Dale's own daughter, thus happily restored to him.

"The proofs—the absolute proofs—of our identities," she had said, "are in the possession of Belmont Mathewson; but I could not obtain them, or I surely would do so."

"Would to God you had," sighed Stowell Dale; "then there would be better room for doubt, perhaps. It is a sad thing to look upon one like my Jessie, Mrs. Rowland; to feel that she is my child, to believe it; and yet not know it absolutely. I could not love her less—I could not love her more under any circumstances and yet only to know—to know!"

"She has, in part, your features, Mr. Dale," Mrs. Rowland had said.

"And in part, her dead mother's," he had added; "and at the same time she resembles you."

It was true. Though very unlike in individuality, when the faces of the two were closely scanned and compared, an unmistakable resemblance was apparent. Surely here was mystery.

"What if it should some day be proven, Mrs. Rowland, that you and my darling are sisters, and daughters of a proud, strange family? I would then know that my own and only child is a wolf and wander somewhere in the great world, and at the same time I would lose her who to me—"

He paused, in pain.

"Your daughter—and who will ever be. Have no fear of that kind, dear Mr. Dale; it is / who will lose my dream of a sister; not you who will lose your precious Jessie."

And thus they had left the matter.

Mrs. Rowland's revisions respecting the magnificence of the plot laid by wealth and villainy to introduce vampires into the midst of an eminent corporation, that its members might thereby be snared from it to sustain socially voluptuous, were brought by Mr. Dale to the notice of Ellis Lester.

That gentleman had not "laughed the



CONDUCTOR DALE FINDS HIS DAUGHTER AND SISTER DRUGGED.

tale to scorn," on the contrary, he took the alarm, for he already knew that corruption was breeding danger. But all was so indefinite and vague, that no hold could be taken.

It was like feeling for a foe in the darkness—like attempting to smother the pestilence, which was present but invisible. Several days elapsed.

The advertisement for a servant, brought several applicants—but as the Dales were particular in their requirements in that respect, none had yet been accepted.

At last Jessie hurried to her aunt with the tidings that there was one in the dining-room, who, she was sure, would suit.

"Such a nice, companionable-looking person, aunty," said Jessie.

"Well, I hope her appearance doesn't reflect her character—for I am getting tired of Jessie, and I don't want a poorer one in her place."

Aunt Mary descended to the dining-room, where interviews with applicants were held.

She found there a very pleasant-looking young woman indeed.

"Did you come in answer to the advertisement?" she inquired, rather surprised at finding one who it might be supposed would not seek such a position.

"Yes, ma'am," said the young woman modestly.

"Your name, please?"

"Annabel Smith, ma'am."

"Have you ever engaged in housework before?"

"Not at service, ma'am. I—I—"

The young woman appeared to be somewhat affected.

"I understand," said Aunt Mary, kindly.

"You have but lately been necessitated to take this step?"

"That is it, ma'am. There are four sisters of us, and we couldn't all stay at home; and I dread the factory or anything like that, or even a sewing-room or a store. Household suits me best—I like the quiet."

"Have you references, Annabel?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," producing them.

"My mother used to be in the best families, and some of them still keep sight of her."

"These are very satisfactory," said Aunt Mary, returning the papers after briefly examining them. "I think you will suit, and that you will find something like a home with us—we endeavor to make our servants feel that they are our fellow-creatures as well."

"Thank you, ma'am," returned Annabel, with effusion. "Most of folks are not that way, I take it, though my mother never complained."

"A good servant sometimes makes a good mistress, Annabel. You agree to come then?—the wages will be three dollars a week, with the usual privileges."

"That is satisfactory, ma'am, and if you please I will go home and have my trunk sent here at once."

"You can come immediately if you please."

"I will then. Good morning, ma'am."

So Cecil Parnell, as Annabel Smith, was admitted under the roof that sheltered her whom he sought with evil object. He maintained his assumed character without arousing the first suspicion of the fraud.

All were pleased with "the new girl"—Mr. Dale, his sister, Jessie and Mrs. Rowland. There was no instinctive dislike, no vague repulsion felt toward this wolf in sheep's clothing, such as is often inspired by the mere presence of an impostor. Perhaps this was because the plotter was always the same—quiet, affable and obedient. Not once was he caught with a sly, triumphant or vindictive look on his

face—not once did his cunning purpose of this that you might choose to forbid the further intimacy—which threatens to end in love—of your son with one whom you might not desire for a daughter. This communication will be sent anonymously but if you are interested, you can make inquiries and investigations which will sustain the statements it contains. I give the names and address of the family thus referred to."

Which he did, and then, almost certain that results favorable to his object would follow, he forwarded the missive.

Then he stood as to how he might best reveal his act, and under circumstances which would tend to favor his advances as a suitor for Jessie's hand.

"Ah! I have it," he said gleefully to himself at last. "I will seek her father's life; gratitude will warm her heart toward me. I thought I was done with plots, but this is of a different order. Hold! a new idea occurs to me. Why not let her enemies have this Mrs. Rowland? That will be doing fair by my friends. Why did I not think of it before, instead of dreaming of letting her remain undisturbed? I will inform my accomplices that she has not recovered—ha! ha! recovered from an illness she never experienced—and that all is ready to proceed. Then 'Annabel Smith' will disappear forever, and Cecil, or the same person wearing some other name, will find his way once more to this attractive household stage. I do not think I would be recognized as the family's former servant the treacherous Annabel!"

So the wolf again thought of its victim, of this that you might choose to forbid the further intimacy—which threatens to end in love—of your son with one whom you might not desire for a daughter. This communication will be sent anonymously but if you are interested, you can make inquiries and investigations which will sustain the statements it contains. I give the names and address of the family thus referred to."

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"Where is Mrs. Rowland?" he cried. "He—has villainy been practiced here? She is gone! She is stolen from us!"

He attempted to awaken the sleepers, but in vain.

"They have been drugged!" he now exclaimed, with the force of conviction.

"Annabel!"

As yet he had not thought of "Annabel" as an agent in the work.

Of course that deceitful creature did not respond.

Mr. Dale, now greatly alarmed as to the condition of his sister and Jessie, felt that a physician must be called to their aid.

"I must leave them here alone," he reflected with an anxious glance at the faces of each, "while I run to Dr. Brown's. Poor Mrs. Rowland! what can be done for her?" If these villains have her in their power again, I fear they will hold her so closely that search for her will be vain."

Thus he thought as he hastened to the physician's.

Dr. Brown after being informed, somewhat disconnectedly it is true for a man usually so clear-headed and self-possessed as Mr. Dale, of what had happened, hurried with him to the scene.

Immediately upon examination of the two unconscious sleepers, he pronounced them drugged with a powerful narcotic, the presence of which in in the tea he soon detected.

"The agent employed to produce this effect is not hurtful," said Dr. Brown.

"The drug has done its work, and we can only wait until its influence passes off. Now, Mr. Dale, what is your explanation of this matter?"

Mr. Dale rapidly gave his opinion of the nature of the outrage, stating briefly the facts of Mrs. Rowland's coming to his house, her residence there, her personation, etc.

"You are sure that she was not an imposter?" inquired the physician; "and that the robbery of your house was not her work?"

"I am perfectly satisfied of her worth and honesty," returned Mr. Dale. "She is the victim of a cruel conspiracy. I am constrained to believe that our servant, who has been with us but a short time, was the agent of others, and administered this drug. All is plain to me now."

"Perhaps they were colleagues," suggested Dr. Brown.

"Do you mean our servant and Mrs. Rowland?"

"I do."

"Impossible, doctor. I tell you this Mrs. Rowland is one of the purest and best, though most unfortunate women living."

"Advise you to go up-stairs and look at your bureau-drawers—your desk—or whatever there may be containing—or lately containing—valuables."

"The first but not the last," he murmured. "You shall give me more some day, and take all these stolen ones back. But now for action!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

am fortunately well acquainted. The peculiarity of it is that its effects are so immediate. The circumstance of such a rare agent being used, is to me now an evidence that the parties engaged in this villainous work are, as you declare, no ordinary rogues—such would not have known of the existence of this narcotic."

It was not until past midnight that Jessie and her aunt gave any sign of arousing from their condition of stupor. Then they did, and were gradually brought back to consciousness. As Dr Brown had predicted, very curious and uncomfortable sensations succeeded the passive influence of the drug they had swallowed. But an antidote, which could now be safely administered, soothed these manifestations. Jessie was soon in a condition to question and be questioned.

Her first words were:

"Auntie, something does ail the tea."

She appeared determined to take up her consciousness at the point where she had left it off.

"Oh, dear," she then sighed, "and something does ail me."

Both her father and the doctor smiled, though the former particularly felt it in saying but a smiling humor, unless it was solely to see his daughter reviving.

"Jessie, he said:

"Is it morning, father? or what is it?" asked she. "I feel as if I had had forty dreams at once."

"Get awake, my dear, and then I will talk with you."

"Why, why am I awake?" returned Jessie, a little resentful. "But, oh! what a queer sleep I have had! I must have taken some 'aunty' medicine that she is always offering."

"You have taken some of somebody else's, Jessie," returned her father, with a faint smile; gravity she could not understand. She was in a pretty fair condition of consciousness now, and for the first time noticed the presence of Dr. Brown. He was one of Jessie's favorites, and so she said:

"Why, dear Dr. Brown! I'm glad to see you, but I am not sick, am I?"

He smiled benevolently for answer.

"What does it mean, father?" she asked, in pretty perplexity. "Here is anxiety, too, sleeping as if she didn't know you were here."

"Jessie," said her father, thinking she might now be able to recall what had taken place previous to experiencing the effect of the drugged tea, "do you remember what occurred this evening—or last evening, now?" he said, *sotto voce*, "at the supper-table?"

"Why, yes, no," she answered, with a bewildered look. "We thought the tea was bad, and we tipped it to make sure of it, and—"

"That was all," added Mr. Dale.

"Shall I inform her of what has occurred?" he next asked, in an aside, of Dr. Brown.

"You might as well," she answered, with a smile.

"What has happened, father?" again inquired Jessie. "What makes you look so mysterious?"

"I will tell you, my child. There has been wickedness done in this house to-night. Poor Mrs. Rowland's enemies have stolen her away from us."

"Oh, father!"

It was done by a cunning plot. Jessie Our servant was false and treacherous. She dragged you all to the table, then opened the doors to the wicked men who have taken Mrs. Rowland from us."

"Oh, father!" cried Jessie, tearfully, though hardly comprehending what had been said.

It was repeated to her, and then she understood it all.

"How cruel—how cunning! Can anything be done for our dear friend, father? Oh, it is terrible for those bad men to have her in their power."

"We have informed the police authorities, Jessie—we can do no more."

"And Auntie was only a spy and traitor, after all!"

"Nothing more."

"We had better keep Jessie, father."

Aunt Mary now appeared to be regaining possession of her senses also. Accordingly attention was given her, and the same scene, with variations, that we have described, was enacted as related; but it did not bear for the actress and sorrow the loss of Mrs. Rowland caused her. Jessie could have enjoyed her aunt's comical perplexity upon awakening, but, as it was, her tender little heart could do nothing but grieve.

Dr. Brown soon took his departure, promising to call early in the morning to see his patient again.

Mr. Dale then went to his own house, after some further discussion of the serious affair, and, as a result, increased in the fate of the abducted lady.

"And now, Jessie, when the three were alone, I suppose we may as well clear the tea-table: we have no servant now."

Jessie did not seek to be humorous for her eyes were tearful and her voice quivered with emotion as she spoke, but her aunt seemed to think that this allusion to the event of the evening was made in words too light.

"Child, child," she cried, rebukingly, "how can you jest at this time? Think of poor Mrs. Rowland."

"I am thinking of her all the while, aunty—and I feel just as miserable as I can. Do you believe we shall ever find her, father?"

Mr. Dale could not return a very cheery reply to this, but declared he would offer a large reward as an inducement for the detectives to make the most thorough search for the stolen one.

"Perhaps she can escape from them as she did before?" said Jessie, hopefully.

Her father shook his head dubiously.

"It may be that I can interest Mr. Lester—Harry's father, Jessie—Jessie blushed—the mention of Harry's name had come to have that effect upon her already in the matter, and then I shall feel more sanguine of success. The great corporation of which he is one of the controlling heads over her name, and Mr. Lester may act in behalf of our stranger friend."

"Oh, I hope he will, father."

"And now good-night, my child—I will retire for a few hours of rest, for I am tired, and must rise early. You will not be afraid to remain alone, since you choose to trust your life to me." He addressed the question to both, neither being disposed to seek her bed.

"Thank you," she said. "There is no happiness like domestic happiness, and no unhappiness like domestic unhappiness. Harry is a peculiar youth, for one of his associations, and I am profoundly grateful that he is. He cares little for gay society, though he混es in it so freely. His dream is of quiet, loving home-life, and he would be miserable were he to wed one whose tastes—especially as they might be

CHAPTER X.

A MILLIONAIRE WHO WAS NOT ALSO A FOOL.

We introduce the reader to a spacious and elegant house, in the aristocratic quarter of Spruce street.

It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester, and also of their son Harry, who, however, spent much of his time in New York, where he acted as his father's agent in certain business transactions.

Ellis Lester and his wife were shown in their elegant private sitting-room—an apartment, which, despite the luxuriousness of its appointments, presented a drowsy, home-like look, often absent when more show is regarded.

He was a man of majestic physical mien, his features were regular and hand some, their expression that of intellectual power, and shadings tempered with his movements; his hair was finely grizzled, his abundant beard almost of snowy white, though his age was not over fifty-five, and altogether he looked the living, deep-thinking man of business, the gentleman, the father and humanitarian. Even the latter, notwithstanding his life had been so full passed in the turmoil of the street and counting room, in great speculative enterprises and pioneer undertakings in works of corporate improvements. But he had been honest, and he had been successful, two things that tend to make a man satisfied with himself and the world. Ellis Lester had not grown harsh and rapacious as he prospered in material ways, but kept his heart human and tender.

His wife was one worthy of him—not the fine and refined lady merely, but the woman also. She was one of the few who know how to put a correct valuation upon worldly possessions—neither undervaluing them nor overvaluing them.

She shamed in common with her husband the pleasures and responsibilities of a vast fortune, enjoying it liberally and rationally, and never forgetting that a pleasure that will not please others than self, is a poor pleasure indeed.

A follower of fashion, as we all in a measure are, she liked home far better than she did society, and neglected no duty there that the world of show and gaiety might be better served. She was a woman of fine presence, with a matron grace sweetly blending with a high-bred air, one whom upon first meeting you might think possessed too much hauteur, but whose beauty of character and sweetness of disposition soon showed through her natural dignity and pride.

"My dear," said Mr. Lester, as he drew a velvet cushioned easy chair up to the drop-light under the chandelier, "do you remember what occurred this evening—or last evening, now?" he said, *sotto voce*, "at the supper-table?"

"Why, yes, no," she answered, with a bewildered look. "We thought the tea was bad, and we tipped it to make sure of it, and—"

"That was all," added Mr. Dale.

"Shall I inform her of what has occurred?" he next asked, in an aside, of Dr. Brown.

"You might as well," she answered, with a smile.

"What does it mean, father?" she asked, in pretty perplexity. "Here is anxiety, too, sleeping as if she didn't know you were here."

"Jessie," he said:

"Is it morning, father? or what is it?" asked she. "I feel as if I had had forty dreams at once."

"Get awake, my dear, and then I will talk with you."

"Why, why am I awake?" returned Jessie, a little resentful. "But, oh! what a queer sleep I have had! I must have taken some 'aunty' medicine that she is always offering."

"You have taken some of somebody else's, Jessie," returned her father, with a faint smile; gravity she could not understand. She was in a pretty fair condition of consciousness now, and for the first time noticed the presence of Dr. Brown. He was one of Jessie's favorites, and so she said:

"Why, dear Dr. Brown! I'm glad to see you, but I am not sick, am I?"

He smiled benevolently for answer.

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"Is it morning, father? or what is it?" asked she. "I feel as if I had had forty dreams at once."

"Get awake, my dear, and then I will talk with you."

"Why, why am I awake?" returned Jessie, a little resentful. "But, oh! what a queer sleep I have had! I must have taken some 'aunty' medicine that she is always offering."

"You have taken some of somebody else's, Jessie," returned her father, with a faint smile; gravity she could not understand. She was in a pretty fair condition of consciousness now, and for the first time noticed the presence of Dr. Brown. He was one of Jessie's favorites, and so she said:

"Why, dear Dr. Brown! I'm glad to see you, but I am not sick, am I?"

He smiled benevolently for answer.

"What does it mean, father?" she asked, in pretty perplexity. "Here is anxiety, too, sleeping as if she didn't know you were here."

"Jessie," he said:

"Is it morning, father? or what is it?" asked she. "I feel as if I had had forty dreams at once."

"Get awake, my dear, and then I will talk with you."

"Why, why am I awake?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

out into a shrill whistle, and waking the echoes with "Just before the battle, mother," as he ran off.

He was not an outrageous time away, getting back at least half an hour before anybody expected him.

"Well, did you see ma'am'selle?" asked the hall-keeper.

"No."

"She was there, wasn't she?"

"Oh, yes, she was there. A gentleman took the letter from me, and said as how he'd give it her," he replied.

"A gentleman?"

"Yes—yes as I've seen about here. I know her by sight."

It was Mr. Austin Bertram who had met Taylor at the door and taken the letter from him.

"For Mademoiselle Claudia, is it?" he said, as he closed the door on the lad. "And if I'm not mistaken, I've seen the handwriting, before."

He looked musingly at the letter again.

"What can she, of all women in the world, want to write Claudia about?"

CHAPTER XVII.

REBUFFED.

Lovely! Thy love!
If a name, it is to warm, to comfort,
And to cheer; not to blast and scorch.
Away! Prostitute not the sacred name.—Mrs. Lovell.

A very short time after his disaster, Frank Vavasour was able to sit up and converse, and the doctor pronounced him out of danger.

"Hon! ha! a very narrow escape—a very narrow escape indeed, my dear sir," he said. "A little more inclination of the weapon to the left, and we should hardly have pulled through it. In fact, as it is, I think we may be very thankful. However, all danger is past now, and we must only be careful to keep ourselves very quiet. No agitation, my dear sir—mind that—or I will not answer for the consequences."

Yes, it had indeed been a very narrow escape for Frank. The slightest turn of the knife, and the blow which had stretched him senseless on the floor would have proved fatal; but it was not so ordained, and whatever object was sought in his death was frustrated.

No clue could be found to the perpetrator of the outrage, and the victim himself could not give the slightest information. He had seen nothing in the short interval which elapsed between his hearing the sound of some one behind him and receiving the blow which struck him down; but he had lost something. The glove, and the papers that had been wrapped up with it before he went to sea, had disappeared, and no trace of them was to be found.

Frank was very silent on the subject—much more so than was his ladyship, who was horrified at such a catastrophe occurring in her house, or Mr. Bertram, who searched, and inquired, and offered a reward to settle with him, that's all.

"Well?"

"Why, then, I shall have a double account to settle with him, that's all."

"What can you mean?"

"Ah, I am talking in riddles to you, of course. You do not understand how short you are? Let it rest—let it rest!"

And Austin Bertram was fain to follow his friend's advice, though he expressed himself in indignant terms to such of their intimates as he spoke to on the subject, that such an occurrence could possibly take place in London without the police being able to find out the delinquent, and indulged in many a sneer at the incapability of our so-called detectives.

"In Paris, now," he remarked, "everybody in the house or connected with it would have been examined; but there's such a respect for what they're pleased to call the liberty of the subject in this infernal country, that while they're going in their roundabout fashion looking for a man, he walks away from under their very noses. Bah! I've no patience with them."

And he hit the end of his cheroot in a very vicious manner, and went off to expatiate on the iniquities of British law to the next acquaintance he met.

Claudia was very much surprised at the singular reticence which Frank Vavasour displayed upon the subject, and took him to task about it the first time he was able to visit her.

She occupied a pleasant little villa at Baywater, and drove backward and forward to her engagements in a well-sprung carriage, which was the envy of her less fortunate sisterhood.

To this suburban retreat she conveyed her friend as soon as the doctors proclaimed him well enough to venture on a drive, and he was much invigorated by the fresh air and still warm sunshine of the late autumn, while the trees had on their lovely changing tints, and beautiful flowers remained to put off the past summer.

Claudia's dwelling was a perfect little paradise of neatness and good taste. Dorothy kept her two or three servants in good order, and superintended the household, and the favored few whom the actress admitted to her bower always were busy with her name, coupling it with the peer's no measured terms.

He walked away from the house quietly, for he knew the visitor would make a long stay, and as he went, strangely enough, his thoughts ran on a little carved casket which he had seen standing on a side-table in Claudia's room. He had seen it often before, and it had never excited his curiosity; but now it haunted him strangely.

"You had better go," she said, quietly. "I know you will not care to meet him. I don't either; but then I cannot afford to be impolite."

She opened a side-door as she spoke, and let him pass through. He went at her bidding, sadly enough, for though he did not love her as she would have had him do, he could not bear the idea that an unprincipled man like Lord Nortonshall should be a constant visitor at her house.

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He walked away from the house quietly, for he knew the visitor would make a long stay, and as he went, strangely

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

When the toast is spread in the marble hall,
And the wine from the basket flows;
And the rich, quaint arms upon the wall,
In the light of the roses glow;

What a scene!—what a sight!—what maidens play,

And dance to the night guitars;

I fly from the revel to think of him

Who is over the mountains far.

He loved me, eye, with a burning love—
With a love that was half divine;

And seasons vanished, and moon waxed dim;

And his fond heart still will wait,

In the light of the roses glow;

What a scene!—what a sight!—what maidens play,

And dance to the night guitars;

I fly from the revel to think of him

Who is over the mountains far.

Fall often we sat in those grand, green woods,
In the shade of the chestnut trees;

Where the birds in the summer-time sweetly

sing;

And the olive-boughs claim the boughs;

And we told our love in those dingle depths,

Where the limes grow, and the orange tree,

And the tarts of the lime in the night;

As we sit beneath the orange tree,

That ever and e'er through the starry nights

He was thinking of love and me.

Fall often we sat in those grand, green woods,
In the shade of the chestnut trees;

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And the olive-boughs claim the boughs;

And we told our love in those dingle depths,

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And the tarts of the lime in the night;

As we sit beneath the orange tree,

That ever and e'er through the starry nights

He was thinking of love and me.

Alas! his spirit must pine in some demon tort,

And changed like a wind March day?

Are we never to have a happy year?

All I dream of is dreams away?

No! I dream no more; the world may roll,

And seasons vanish and flee;

But the green hills by thy memory still

Is sacred to love and me.

Alas! his spirit must pine in some demon tort,

For he never would tarry so long, so long;

His strong, fleet limbs were free;

Ab! the sorrow is gnawing his heart, I know,

Through the long, bright day;

Like a serpent coiled in a rose's breast,

Slow nibbling its bloom away!

Come, brother, come, there is no change,

The old trees are still the same,

The nightingale sings through the orange grove,

In the glow-worm's dancing flame;

The lovers still meet in the greenwood dell,

With the limes and the orange tree,

Come! I know, come to your lonely love—

Tis your own fondida call!

A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER XIX.

LITTLE PAT MAKES A MISTAKE.

Marian's courage and spirit offered stronger opposition than he looked for to the ruffian who had attacked her.

He cursed her savagely as despite his restraining grasp she contrived to loosen one of her hands from his hold, and frantically strove with it to free her mouth from the suffocating gag he had thrust into it.

It was a struggle for life itself, and the poor girl threw all her strength into her efforts as she almost writhed out of his hold, and beat and tore to get her breath.

Eager to find her so powerful, he struck her violently like the brute he was, and the sharp and cruel nature of the blow, aided by her prolonged struggle, deprived her of consciousness for the moment, so that she fell senseless at his feet.

"There, that's easier," he muttered, stooping over her and thrusting his hands into the pockets of her coat, "why couldn't the fool be quiet and have saved trouble, in place of fighting like a wild-cat, and making bother. Where is the cursed trinket? Curse me, if she has made way with it, I'll throttle her. Ah, no, here we are, all right and I've my present back. I have no time to waste, and even now, I may be observed."

He looked cautiously round as he issued from the lot, but no one was apparently within view, and, reassured by the solitude of the street, he made off with great speed, carrying the locket that Marian had discovered in the pocket of Lucy's coat with him.

He was no sooner out of sight than the boy Pat, who had been hiding behind a low pile of lumber on the other side of the way, issued forth, and, peering around him less carelessly to find if the villain was really gone, ran across the street into the lot where he found poor Marian scared and dizzy trying to rise from the ground with her hands pressed to her forehead.

"By jings," exclaimed the little fellow, using his favorite outlet for excitement, "if it ain't Miss Marian that that there bony swell be doing insulting and robbing! What did he take from you, miss? I saw him have something in his hand, and he's mean enough to steal a fip if he wanted it to buy a drink. Oh, I know him, and so does our Moll, and she'll be on his tracks pretty soon, the villain!"

But Marian was too much shocked and shaken to understand or explain anything at first.

She could only gaze in a bewildered way at the eager and sympathetic boy, and put her hand to her head as if to steady its dizzy whirl.

Presently she seemed to have a sudden thought, and under its influence she felt in the pocket where she had put the locket.

"It was that the ruffian wanted, then," she said, "it was not mine, and I did not think it was valuable enough to tempt any one to do such a wicked, cowardly deed. Who could he be, and how did he know I had it?"

"I can't tell how he found out you had any jewelry, miss," Pat answered, "perhaps he followed you, and saw you look at it, but he's wicked enough to do anything in the world. I know him, so does Moll. Come on, miss, your clothes look all straight now, and you can lean on me if you're weak, while I tell you how I'm going to have that wretched punished for hurting and frightening you. If I was as big as him I'd punch his head off. I would; but Moll is going to fix him. I put her up to it, and keep biting with anger agin him. When I go home I'll tell her about this last trick of his'n, and she'll be ready to skin him for it."

"No, no; please don't make a talk about such things, Pat," entered Marian, timidly. "I am afraid of these people, and now that my sister is safe at home, I do not want even to see or hear of them again."

"Yes, I know'd she got off," Pat said, grinning, "I was jolly glad of it, and it does me good to bear old Mother Fox a raving about her. But what I came up to-night for was to give you a word of warning. Look out! Old Meg Worthy ain't to be beat, and she's on your sisters' track. She's sure that she'll have her back again or die for it, and she'll give you trouble if you ain't mighty sharp."

"O, dear! I trust Lucy will not see her," Marian exclaimed, remembering her sister's discontent and unkindness, and fearing the effect of any adverse influence that might prevail over them.

You wouldn't be afraid of her winning the young lady back, by fair means, she won't try that; she trusts to cunning and force to kidnap her, for Miss Lucy made such desperate efforts to get away that she knows she couldn't over her back. She'll steal her, though, if she gets a chance, and you had only to go to the trimming store?"

got some new spurs on the track, I guess, so you'd better be shy of every one that speaks to you, or looks after you in the street, and remember that I'm on the look-out now, and I won't allow no fooling."

The little fellow drew himself up with such an air that had poor Marian been alarmed and surprised, she might have burst into laughter at the sight; but, asides the hurt she had received from the miscreant's blow, she was aware in her body was shaken with the fright of the encounter she had had, so, thanking Pat for his good will, and begging him not to forget to warn her of any danger he might discover, she parted from him and made what haste she could to reach home.

Pat stood gazing after her, muttering threats against any one who might attempt to molest or alarm her until she was out of sight.

When he turned to proceed on his own way he found himself addressed by a handsome young gentleman of fine appearance, who asked him in a hesitating and somewhat disturbed voice, who the young lady was who had just quitted him.

"That one there, do you mean, sir?" asked Pat, immediately becoming suspect of the "new swell," as he mentally denominated him, was a spy of Meg Worthy's, who had mistaken Marian for her sister Lucy, "why that there young lady's going to be—that is—I mean to say she's a lovely girl what a very rich and influential gent has fallen in love with, and he's going to marry her as soon as he can arrange to have the job done in swell style."

Pat came out with this sudden invention in quite a triumphant manner.

"That's the best go I can get up," he thought to himself after uttering it very volubly, "it is bound to scare off old Meg's people, and so I'll blow some more."

"Yes," he continued aloud, seeing that the stranger stood still as if rooted to the spot. "She's engaged to this wealthy gent, and the reason he condescends to such a poor maid as I am for his marriage is that he don't want no talk or gossip about the family, until he's ready to elevate 'em all into his lofty sphere. Oh, he's a stunner, and she's in big luck now, I tell you she is."

Perving with great delight that his narration was producing a visible effect on his listener, who clutched the nearest support to him, seemed to shake as if from a sudden ague, the foolish lad went on to enlarge on his absurd story, mixing fact and fiction so ingeniously together, that his words carried conviction with them, and the unhappy gentleman whose innocent heart they pierced, stretched out his hands imploringly and bade him cease.

"Oh, yes, I'll shut up, if that's your move," answered Pat readily, for having reached his last effort at lying he was no longer able to do so, but he had no manners to apologize for his want of tact.

"True," said his questioner in a broken voice, "I do not blame you, my boy," and he tossed him a piece of money, on the receipt of which Pat uttered an exclamation of surprise, for it was not the apparently increasing influence Mrs. Blanchard gained over him.

"My mother receives that woman's money," she was forced to confess to herself, and the bitterness of this discovery was daily increased by the apparently increasing influence Mrs. Blanchard gained over him.

Marian noted this, and also that Mrs. Blanchard seemed to be a constant visitor at the house in her absence, two facts which taken together rendered her very uneasy.

"My mother receives that woman's money," she was forced to confess to herself, and the bitterness of this discovery was daily increased by the apparently increasing influence Mrs. Blanchard gained over him.

Mrs. Barton constantly repeated the words that the wily woman put in her mouth, and they were always against Eugene, though sometimes so cunningly disguised that Marian was forced to remain silent and wonder at the exhaustless malignity of the woman who claimed to be the artist's mother.

Lacy did not seem to pay much attention to this, or indeed, anything else that went on around her. Her mind and thoughts seemed wandering, and her pale face grew more and more wasted and unhappy, until one could scarcely recognize a trace of the girlish beauty that had made her so much admired even in her own family a few months before.

Both sisters worked at Madame Tinsler's, though Lucy had unfortunately won that person's strong dislike by her inattention and listlessness of manner, and the personal antipathy she felt for her employer, which she took no pains to conceal.

This made Marian very uneasy, and she tried constantly to smooth it over, and by doing far more than her own share of the sewing to gain allowance for her sister.

Mrs. Blanchard had early informed herself of their engagement through their mother, and they soon saw from their work room window, that her carriage stopped frequently at the costumer's door.

"I am having a skating-dress made for my daughter Violet," she explained to Marian, one day when they met in the show-room; "and I have told Mad. Tinsler how interested I am in you, and how much I hope for your business success."

"You are very good," said Marian, coldly, and with a courtesy, she left the room.

She not only disliked but distrusted the speaker most heartily; and her appearance at the costume filled her with dread as to the future.

"To be sure!" cried the costumer, "she means to confront me and awe me into silence with her theatrical air, but I'm not to be overcome by such as she. I advise her to go and look after the reputation she lost on her trip to New York. He's a bad boy."

There were half a dozen girls in the next room to the sisters, who hitherto had occupied chairs in Madame Tinsler's own apartment, and these persons heard every word of their employer's tirade.

Marian had sprung forward, as if to place her hands over the woman's lips, but Madame moved back, and stood almost between the doors as she uttered her last words.

The sight of the two sisters suddenly seemed to quiet her. Marian had thrown her arm round Lucy, and placed her before her as if to ward off personal blows.

"Please be silent, madame," she said, calmly and gravely, "until we can leave your house; your words do not in the least affect me, but they are coarse and meant to be cruel; we will not be long escaping from the sound of them. Come, Lucy, dear. You are not so foolish as to cry, I hope. My precious sister. Come, let us go home."

"I never said a word but praise of you, Miss Marian, and no one can say they ever heard me," said Madame Tinsler, her anger spent and her prudence returning.

"And that is far too much, if you please," Marian said, decidedly, as she waited for her sister to move away before she spoke. "I am very much attached to my sister, and cannot bear to have her spoken to unkindly or unjustly. I am very much obliged to you for your goodness in giving me employment; but I must beg of you, however consider my feelings, and do not make me so unhappy by your thoughtless words."

"Oh, fudge and sentiment," said the other, laughing coarsely. "I was told that you had ridiculous notions about self-sacrifice and such nonsense—but go ahead

and be a fool if you want to," and she turned her head and shrugged her shoulders as she turned away.

Marian waited for her sister to go down the lower hall. She was silent and constrained so as they walked home together, though Marian tried to talk cheerfully on other subjects, and the anxious girl was forced to suspect that Lucy had heard Mad. Tinsler's unkind remarks, and was brandishing them over work of the

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and be a fool if you want to," and she turned her head and shrugged her shoulders as she turned away.

"That woman wants to insult me, Marian. I see she does."

"Oh, no, dear, she's only coarse and uncouth in her own nature, and so grown incosiderate of others. Do not let us think of her, Lucy."

Marian drew her sister's arm through as she spoke, and pressed it fondly to her side, but Lucy pursued the subject steadily.

"Some one has told her something of me," she said, and her white cheek flushed a painful scarlet. "Some wicked, lying coward has tried to injure me," she continued: "but I don't care for myself, it is for you I care, Marian," and her voice broke into a husky sob.

Marian's sharp pain at her heart, ceased entirely.

"She is such a silly fancy, Lucy," she said, bravely, and then altering her tone by a strong effort, she said, "I'll tell you what makes madame cross of late, dear; you neglect to how to her when you go in, and you don't do the trimming as well as you can."

"When will we meet," said the former half, reluctantly.

"At home in a couple of hours," Lucy answered, hurrying off.

Marian followed her with a troubled look, for the rude woman who had come between them, was none other than Meg Worthy in her best clothes, and though Lucy had gone in an opposite direction, the woman's presence seemed like a bad omen.

As Marian went on regretting having parted with Lucy even for an hour, she found herself before a large cloak and mantle store gazing absently into its windows.

A woman of middle age and neat appearance was seated within, and raising a pair of sharp, observant eyes looked at her through the glass closely for a minute or so, then beckoned her to come in.

"I don't know of any good sewer in need of employment," this person inquired when Marian wonderingly obeyed her summons.

"Yes, I do, two of them, my sister and myself," Marian answered eagerly.

"Ahem," said the lady with a searching look, "are you sure you could come at once, and stick to your work well? We want no deceptions nor breaking words with us, for good, honest, truthful girls willing to do their duty we give good pay, but we won't have any other."

With breathless eagerness Marian assured her that she and her sister were exactly suited to her needs, and learned in return that the salary was very much better than she had hitherto received from her employers. After some further directions all delivered in a very sharp and decided manner, and impressed on her mind with some severity, she promised to be at the store with her sister next morning without fail.

The lady repeated her last sentence emphatically, and said "We'll see, keep your word, and I'll keep mine," and Marian ran home all eagerness to relieve Lucy of further trouble and uneasiness.

She had been there before her, and gone again, said Mrs. Barton, and after waiting an hour of two without recurring to the subject, Marian became very restless, and again spoke to her mother who had meantime been taking a nap.

"What did Lucy say when she left mother?"

"Lucy," repeated Mrs. Barton, "what, isn't she home yet? Why she only gave me her needle book, and said you might need it before she came back. I thought you knew all about where she was going—some errand for Madame Tuzier, was it not?"

With a frightened face and wildly beating heart, Marian caught the needle case from her mother's hand, but could not answer.

"Mother!" called Allan faintly from the room above, and Marian was left alone with a scrap of pencil-written paper that fell into her hand as she opened the needle book.

"I can't stay," it said, "I must go and look for peace that can only come in one form to me. I am a sinner to your neck, dear, present state, and I cannot strive to struggle as nobly as you do. I am weighed down by the sense of my own misdeeds, and every eye that looks at me carries a dart to wound my shrinking soul. I must fly from all, until I gain the right to be fearless. God bless you, my dear, dear Marian, and do not blame me for trying to spare you further misfortune from the presence of your unhappy but loving Lucy."

"Gone," cried Marian, wildly, "gone just when Heaven's mercy opened a way for us to begin again. Gone when I began to hope, to feel at rest, and this after all the bitter price I've paid to get her back. Oh, Lucy, Lucy!"

She fell back, whirling wildly and her sight failing, all seemed dark and cold, and desolate, and with the note tightly crumpled in her hand, in a last effort to save her sister's secret, poor Marian Barton's strength and courage gave way at last, and she fell cold and senseless on the floor.

(To be continued in our next. Continued on page 8.)

RED KELLY:

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,
AUTHOR OF "WENTZIE, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

At sunset, or a little after, in the southwest, appeared a glow something like an Aurora display, but which the borderer can distinguish to be the quivering, leaping flashes of a conflagration. The spectators query whether it is the prairie on fire or the flaming beacon of the marauding free riders. They notice it brightened and diminished, and hold to the one point, and then they call out to each other that it is the freebooting incendiary.

"Before them goes war and destruction," exclaimed General Alison.

"An arrow on folies death on their judgment," finished the old scout, Champ, watching, with restless and feverish glance, the dread signal of border outrage.

"You must have some idea, Champ, of the whereabouts of the fire."

"Within two paces of platitude, an' bless you, I'm a sanguine let loose, souter jester, an' what you see, I keeler late that a's ther smoke on ther horizon or Iowan, at er vector.aint no remove from Father's Mills, on ther little c."

"I think, Champ, returned Vitee, 'that we had better ride out, a horse can travel faster if we do not happen to be all the people that are astray on the plains."

"Gritted, they measure ground farther, but it takes a bigger neest ter set em, in case ya want ter set."

"Well, each has his own way. You may walk, and I will mount, and keep alongside, but we cannot hope to be of service, as the burning is too many miles distant."

"But that's a pernicious in my bones," returned the scout, "that sunbow, an' somesher, on ther flats, somebody would be egotistically pleased ter see ther slim, rovin' figure of Champ. Come, Vitee, my little man, start up yer hose-machine, an' I'll set my lousy mogenom toe-marks son-weatherly."

The scout was following out one of those mysterious impressions that lead us often times in such unpremeditated ways, and bring about such unexpected and startling results.

Vitee, through sympathy with his companion, followed, without for a moment foreseeing the development. They had advanced out the distance, perhaps, of three miles, when Champ seized his companion by the boot-strap, and brought him to a halt. He had heard the faint echo of a running stream.

"Hah!" said he, in a cautious tone, "I has seem ter see a shudder crossin'

ther moonlight yender. It's mighty on favorable for skulkin'. That ain't but one, is that?"

"No, only one," returned Vitee, making a tattoo of his hand.

"Ho! wall, then, we might as well wait, anyway."

He reached the hard-rider, and Champ hallooed.

"Who goes that? Halt!"

The horseman swung around, and dashed straight toward the waiting scouts.

"Champ!—bless God!" aspirated the young fellow. "Black here, at Baker's Creek, a party of outlaws have captured Sheriff Hume—or he is surrounded in the old Bradford cabin—he and Duffy, and they can't hold out against the score of bands that have holed them. I was coming in another direction, and discovered the plot in time to turn and escape."

"Yer home? yer home, boy?" They'll make short work with ther twenty agin ther two. Wait here till we git back, and Champ had swung the light fellow from the saddle and sprang up to the vacated seat.

"Vitee, do ye hear? Griff and Kelly, is God or Heaven, whar by this time?" Lay low, Rob Felix, till I bring back yer loss. Away, Vitee, lay low to Baker's Creek."

"It's Red Kelly's scalpers," called out the boy, as the two steeds, feeling the spur, struck into a headlong run. "Baker's Creek" and five miles away Hume and Duffy brought to bay by Kelly's incarnate fiends—how the thought flashed along the nerves of the scouts. They did not pause to question what they might or could do against such odds, but the call had come for help, and both hearts responded.

"Trav' trav'!" yelled Champ nearly standing upright in his stirrups, his long, black body thrown forward upon the shoulders of his horse, as he strained ears and eyes for some signal from the faraway contest. Half the distance passed, and then there sounded the rumble of a party of horsemen in front of them.

"Gid," is all over!" aspirated Champ, in a broken voice, as he still thundered onward.

"You don't say what you calculate to do with me, Champ?" growled the desperado, the pain of whose wounds must have been agonizing.

"You know what yer did for ther two poor fellars back that?"

"Yes, I reckon, curse 'em! I'll learn 'em what overtake the bloodhounds of the law."

"Well, yer got ter go ther same way, Red Kelly; ther same, I swear it."

The renegade made an ineffectual struggle. He cast his eyes on every side. It was evident that he expected the very fellows whom he had wantonly deserted, would reorganize for his rescue. But no help came. Fate was as merciless as he had been to the two men whom he had helped to execute.

The fight was over when the scout and his prisoner came near Ben Bradford's cabin. The regulars had killed and wounded several of the border miscreants, and had taken several prisoners.

The sinking moonbeams showed Champ's visage set in solemn, colorless rigidity.

"Who ye go, Champ?" called out several of Emmet's volunteers, as the old veteran rode into their midst.

"It's Red Kelly, boys," he returned,

"an' I want yer ter hand here, an' ter a house in this rope."

The wretch gave an involuntary, gurgling gasp, as ready forms, with the cry, "Up with Kelly!" up with Red Kelly!" sprang forward to do the scout's bidding.

"It shant be sed that I gin yer no chance, Kelly; an' yer kin right the wrong in evny way—"

"Ter you preaching, old man—it's lost, every word."

"For the rope," was the solemn order.

In a few moments the ship-shoon was adjusted, the coil of rope tossed over the dead limb which scarcely an hour before had held up the two victims of brutal outrage.

"Here's ther stonement for poor murdered men," collected the avenger. "Boys, do yer work faithful."

No need to give this injunction. Hardly a man of those remaining nor had received a heart-wound from this hitherto invincible demon, and therefore hate and justice windlassed with the renegade, who to the last moment looked for succor from his allies. But there comes a time to the lawless and wicked when their stanchest followers withdraw, and outraged justice avenges the wronged and oppressed. That time had come for Red Kelly. No reprieve, no pardon for him.

An hour later, the gaunt form kneeling beside Griff's inanimate figure, who had given over the shadow of hope, although he had discovered at the first that the poor fellow's neck was not broken, gave a sudden leap and uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Here, here, Vitee, draw up yer arms and lower them up and down—so, while I press thur lungs ter work, for as God is my witness, thar's signs of life, an' if we persist in our efforts, we shall find that Griff's a thousand times better nor a dead man yet."

Some faint, struggling symptoms of life had been discerned, and those competent for the work knelt beside him, and used every endeavor to restore suspended animation.

At last they were successful; and ere

the gray of the new day had spread far up the eastern sky, Hume's distorted features had assumed their natural color and shape, and he breathed with faint and jerking motion, but with sufficient regularity to insure recovery.

Duffy's neck had been broken by the suddenness with which his body had been drawn up, and the life with him was hopelessly gone. They buried him beside Ben Bradford at Baker's Creek.

"Too as honest fellars," said Champ.

"...ever laid alongside with that feet towards sundown. An, boys, when I took ther trail of ther miscreants as murdered honest old Ben, I could help or casting my eye ter that very limb on ther stony bender, an' thinkin' meebly he—Red Kelly."

"I tick of his time inter sternly from that ar' dead limb. He, boys, he has an' he's gone, whar, if he takes any canfourt at all, Ben's kind soul will het her bring ther drop er water ter cool his tongue. It's orful, but it's just."

"Shall we leave the meat there, Champ?"

"Was the reckles suggestive question.

"No, not, cut it down, whar ther buzzards kin hav a sociable time. He shell never have Christian burial—ever."

The body fell with a thud to the earth, and Champ sprang back with a horrified howl, for the protruding tongue of the felon renegade actually did lap the earth where his victim's blood was spilled.

"He died game, though," said Vitee.

"He was let ter die quicker nor he

would if he'd showed ther white fether," returned the scout. "He as never showed manry was better off in notakin' it."

"It's time to move back," suggested one of the party.

"Not yet, not yet; I want Griff's eyes wide open before we leave ther carcass."

Hesitatingly, and took the contents of Champ's other barrel just behind the fore shoulder. He stumbled upon his knees, and threw his master, and Champ's iron foot was on his breast in an instant.

"A man passed his canceen."

"Nearly all out," said he.

"Two spoonfuls," returned Champ, shak-

ing it; "nuff, nuff. Jesst pour it intermine with ther whisky; an' now git yer knife atween his jaws—sawv. That's it. Griff must ha'er ter live fur of he thanks us fellers fur gettin' on his back, when he war star chick gone. Howsumder, we'll rock it."

It was broad daylight and hard upon sunrise when Griff's sense, one after the other, came straggling back to his possession. And it took several persons to explain to him the why and wherefore of his surroundings.

"I hasn't started ther cavalcade homewards yet, for I wanted yer to see Red Kelly, and yer remember what I tolle yer about ther mark that his left hand would make of ther was bloody and was put upon ther breast or ear to hold him down."

Griff came straggling to his feet, but instantly fell back.

"Don't hurry," says Champ, "that's plenty ov time, an' I want yer ter understand all about it."

A half hour more passed, and with occasional doses of Champ's adulterated whisky, young Hume had so far recovered that he could walk with but little aid.

"A minute longer, Griff, an' it would've been a useless rescue."

Griff carried his hand involuntarily to his throat and said,

"It's a dreadful sensation—bliss, green, and yellow bubbles rising out of nothingness, drifting and bursting before the eyes, and a horrible frying sound in the 'tigh."

"Heaven be merciful!" responded Griff, falling rather than dropping upon his knees to examine it.

There was the crooked and shriveled finger next to the little finger, and bent outward in such a manner as to form a sort of letter X with its outside neighbor, the deformed one projecting for the length of half an inch beyond the outline of the hand.

"This is the form of the mark left upon the hand of the mark left upon ther hand of De Lancy's breast," was Griff's solemn affirmation.

"I know it."

"But how?"

"Don't confuse yourself yet—wait till yer kin put this an' that together."

"I wish Keith were here."

"It don't matter; yer kin think it or nuff. Yell know more when yer kin think."

"And this is the end of Red Kelly," remarked Hume in a meditative and confused tone.

"Yes," responded the scout, "an' two hours ago we was allig'zitzin' in ther same strain over yer unresponsible body. Wall, I've lived for nothing since I've seen the last of this border desperado. Ther brunette don't compare with him as he was, for he had a huge top brain—but that is, ez harmless now as az ther best on us, bless God! an' so long ez we've got ther mortgage off yer win'pin' well go off and let ther bushy babbards gather. Ther whole border ter is rise up an' call us blessed."

On the way back to the settlement Griff's mental equilibrium was so far restored, that he was able to relate that he had been down nearly to the Texas border on government business, besides having turned aside to interview Wakfeld, De Lancy's second partner, in hopes of finding some clue that would lead to the arrest of the murderer.

On his return, accompanied by Duffy, the scout and guide, they fell into a ambush, and running for their lives, at last reached the cabin at Baker's Creek. Their defense proved insufficient, the door was burst in and they were captured, and no quarter was shown them, as we have seen.

Just outside, to the southward of the city of T., are the ruins of an old fortification. It has been left as a sort of landmark to show the stretching forth of civilization upon one time savage ground.

The land upon which the structure was reared had been purchased, with much that surrounded it, and was held by one of those men who place personal interest far in advance of public good, and there fore he retained a hold upon the valuable tract, awaiting a future greater rise in price, albeit he had already been offered quite fabulous sums for it by buying parties.

So round the falling walls was a wide circumference of uninhabited space.

Within the stockade one of the barracks buildings, in a good degree of preservation, still remained.

Rumors were ripe among gossiping servants that the dead and gone soldiers held reunions—their shades coming to celebrate anniversaries of by-gone days in camp, or bivouacs. They hinted of glimmering lights, like moonbeams reflected in water; of shadowy forms stalking about the barrack yards.

On the gray

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

turned east, happy to carry home his scalp unmolested.

Vitee, the Indian Tamer, with his handsome and heroic wife, occupy a station on the outermost bounds of civilization; and Champ's "slim, rovin' figure" still locomotes the plains on the trail of the free-riders, or stands wide and thin upon the hills when the twilight shows the savage beacon-flares signaling across the flats.

Griff, casting aside the spell of Miss Pinson's fascinations, bravely yielded the ground to Colonel Dewey, and the gallant soldier was only too happy in giving her boy a name. His mansion was once more jubilant with rich, childish laughter; and she, thankful that his heart lies deep, down an unmeasurable depth in her own bosom, thinks of her beautiful boy, and her lovely face is glorious in its beauty, and people parrot in envying the colonel and "sweet Isabel."

Keith had said at the time of Dewey's marriage, giving Griff a little caustic hug about the shoulders:

"By Jove! I'm glad it's over so. I expected it would be you, and I can't wait out my prejudice."

Griff absentmindedly dropped his fingers upon the table, perhaps thinking to draw "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or else to beat the time of

"Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

And Chief-of-Police, Ambrose Keith, soliloquized—

"Why, blessed Heaven, the lad is heart-whole, after all."

What a little way the best of us can dive beneath the surface. It is well.

THE EXP.

THE WHITE LADY; or, The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

Major Chester had spoken of some books he wished Madeleine to read, and she had forgotten the circumstance, until, as she was strolling in the garden in the cool twilight, she heard a step on the gravel walk, and looking up, saw his tall figure standing partly between her and the sky.

Madeleine felt herself blush vividly, she could not tell why, as she advanced to meet him.

"You are alone!" he said, and the inflection of his voice showed that he was not exactly displeased at the circumstance.

"Papa is gone to town."

"Indeed! So suddenly! When did he leave?"

"About an hour after you went away this afternoon."

"He had urgent business, I suppose?"

It never struck Madeleine that he was questioning her rather more closely than the occasion required, as she answered, simply, "No; it was not business. It was just a fancy of papa's, at the moment, to contact himself to a little change, and I could not persuade him to wait until to-morrow."

"I wonder he didn't take you with him."

"I wonder, too. But dare say he had some good reason for not doing so."

"I dare say he had," replied Major Chester, in a tone of grave significance, quite thrown away on his incitations companion.

"There never was any one half so wise as papa," his daughter said, enthusiastically; "and it is such a comfort. I have only to do as he tells me, to feel sure that I am doing right."

Major Chester felt like a traitor, as he listened to those praises, and hastened to turn the subject by asking Madeleine if she had forgiven him yet.

"Was I so very severe, then?" Madeleine asked, with a charming blush and smile.

"So severe, that I had made up my mind that you would reject my little peace-offering rancorously."

"I wonder you had the courage to bring it then."

"Yes, I wonder I had; but nothing venture, nothing have. It was worth while running any risk to obtain a word of pardon from your lips."

"You are treading on forbidden ground."

"Unconsciously, then, I do assure you. I see that I must 'speak by the card' when I am with you."

In spite of himself, his voice was soft, almost tender. The worst thing he could do was to fall in love with Madeleine; and yet, when he stopped to think, he knew that he was drifting fast that way.

To a world-tried man like Major Chester the charm of her perfect simplicity and frankness was irresistible; and he had a passionate yearning, as she stood there, to gather the slight little figure into his strong arms, and set the seal of his kiss on her sweet, red lips.

Her color kept coming and going so very prettily, flooding her soft, sensitive face one moment, to leave it quite pale the next; and her eyes, pencilled all round by the strong black lashes, looked like stars.

But he must not love her. How could he perform the task he had set himself if he surrendered to Madeleine? He must keep his eyes off her beauty, and divert his mind from dwelling on her perfections, or throw down his arms at his friend's feet, and swear that the old Squire was a saint.

And he was not so much in love as all this, at present. Only the position was a dangerous one, he felt; and the sooner he took himself off, the better, if he was to keep to his good resolutions. Perhaps he was all the more determined now that he had feared to be weak.

Suddenly assuming a more formal tone, he handed Madeleine the book he had brought her, and wishing her good-evening, almost abruptly walked away.

"I must have offended him," Madeleine thought. "I never saw him like this before. I am sorry, too, because he is so kind; but I suppose it can't be helped."

She did not care to confess, even to herself, how much she regretted the change.

Major Chester strode back to his friend, and surprised him by shouting almost before he could get into the room. "Upon my word, Paul, you will have a good deal to answer for! You scared Mr. de Lucy so thoroughly with your ghost-stories, that he has been obliged to leave immediately for change of air."

"You are joking, surely."

"Upon my word, I am not. And what is more, I am off, too."

But Major Chester had no time to answer, evidently. He ran up-stairs three steps together, and Captain Vane could hear him overhead, pulling open drawers; then he came down again, with a knapsack swung across his shoulders, and put his head inside the door. "God bless you, old

follow; I'm off to Dixirell," he said, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TODAY.

When we consider how a mere word, carelessly spoken, can accidentally turn the tide of our destiny, may alter our lives, and even affect our loves, it seems wonderful that the great tide should roll even so smoothly as it does.

Farmer de Lucy had a confidential servant, called Jock, a sturdy countryman, whose only fault was that he loved a glass of beer.

This was a very venial error, but so late, and whilst rich men drink their wine, why shouldn't a poor man enjoy his beer? But then this little failing of Jock's robbed an old father of his darling, a child of its mother, and the world of a fair young girl.

They managed to reach Paris, however;

but so late, that it was necessary to stay the night. At the hotel, which a fellow-traveler recommended, there was a waiter who "spiked English," and certainly did murder it most cruelly.

But with the help of Emilie's boarding-school French, they at last succeeded in making him comprehend that they wanted a carriage early the next morning to take them to Dixirell, and, after this, the worst of their difficulties were over.

"I shall be glad enough when we get back home," the old farmer said, wearily to his daughter, before he tried to snatch a little rest. "This is a confounded country to go to her without incurring the risk of encountering her husband, even by chance."

The old man tried to take a nap, but he was disturbed by the noise of the Queen's English!

Emilie reasonably suggested that this was not so very wonderful, considering that they were all French; but her father would not admit the excuse.

"They ought to learn our language first," he said. "Just see what fools they are, stammering and hesitating as if they didn't know how to talk! Poor Dolly must have had a hard time of it amongst all these heathens folk!"

"Well, don't they worship images, then?"

The old man was not in a fit state to be argued with, and so Emilie held her tongue. Still, it had one cause to thank French stupidity, at any rate; he slept peacefully in consequence, if his rest was short.

The morning would bring him such sorrow, as they had never entered into his heart to conceive, and those hours of suspense were, in comparison, of almost heavenly calm.

"You may go and ask for a glass of ale before you start."

"Thank you, sir," answered Jock, pleasantly; and putting the letter in the pocket of his trousers, he made his bow, and walked out.

The farmer's ale was good old October ale, warm and strong, and the cooking an old friend of Jock's, took care that he had two glasses instead of one.

The consequence was, that when he found himself in the lanes presently, with the hot sun pouring down on his devoted head, he began to feel very drowsy indeed.

"There couldn't be any harm in taking a short nap," Jock said, within himself.

"It wants three hours of post-time, and I'm sure not to sleep more than twenty minutes."

So Jock lay down in the hedge, tilted his hat over his eyes to keep out the sun, and was soon slumbering peacefully.

The sun had gone down behind the hill when he awoke—and on consulting his watch, he found that it was exactly six o'clock.

"Then the post has gone this morning," he said, ruefully, within himself.

"What will the master say?"

He turned on his heel, and slowly retraced his steps to the farm, wondering what excuse he should make for his negligence when Farmer de Lucy began to question him.

Then a demon crept into Jock's heart, warning him to conceal his error from the stern master, whom he feared as much as he loved.

"I can't signify about one day, he thought; "and it's no use having a fuss about nothing. I'll let the master think it is gone, and put it in the post to-morrow."

So that when Mr. de Lucy came out to make his usual rounds, and seeing Jock, asked if the letter had been posted, the man replied, "All right, sir," and consoled himself upon not having told a direct lie.

For it was all right, he argued, since it had not been lost, and would certainly go to-morrow.

"But man proposes, and God disposes." It looked as if Fate were against him; for though he tried hard all day to get off to the post, every obstacle was put in his way.

"Yes, I wonder I had; but nothing venture, nothing have. It was worth while running any risk to obtain a word of pardon from your lips."

At last, the stable clock struck six, and it was quite a relief to know that his struggles were ended for that day.

The next it was no better. Farmer de Lucy, consumed by his feverish anxiety and unrest, was extraordinarily active, and Jock could not have found the occasion so sought unless he were prepared to confess the truth. So the letter lay in his pocket, burning it, as it were, until he got home at night. Then he remembered that the fact of Dolly having received it so late would be known, and criminate him in his master's eyes much more than if it never went at all, as its loss might then be attributed to the carelessness of the post-office officials; and so, watching that no one saw, Jock consigned it to the flames.

The bed was in a kind of alcove, enclosed off from the rest of the room, and by it an elderly woman was seated, rocking a young infant in her careful arms. Otherwise everything was so strangely cold and silent, so mysteriously calm, that the old man's voice sank involuntarily to a whisper as he repeated, "Dolly, my dear."

No answer.

The bed was not like her to deny him even a word, and he began to tremble, without knowing why.

"What do you want?" the woman asked, rising as she spoke, and coming toward them.

"I want my child."

She understood it all then; and her fine old face grew whiter still as she pointed sternly toward the bed.

"She is asleep," he said.

"Yes; she is asleep," Manon replied, touching the biles reverently with her tender hands. "Poor heart! she will never wake again."

Even then he either could not, or would not, understand.

"I come to take her home," he said, in a stifled voice. "It has been hard for her here all alone!"

"Nay, sighed Manon; "God has taken her home." Look for yourself; she is quite happy now."

"She is dead!"

It was a cry, wild, bitter, despairing—like the cry of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not.

What mattered it to him that he had two other daughters? Dolly was dead.

"If she should be ill, in a foreign land, with only that worthless scoundrel beside her, it would break my heart."

But when the sixth morning came, bringing no letter still, the old man could no longer endure the disappointment and suspense.

"Pack up a few things, Emilie," he said to his second daughter, "and we'll go to Dixirell. Carrie can keep house while we are gone."

For he meant to punish Carrie for her jealousy, by leaving her out; or understood that Dolly, in her trouble, would prefer to confide in the sister who had been most gentle to her in happier days.

However this may be, he never accounted for the selection, and seemed to look upon it as the natural thing for Emilie to accompany him.

We may be sure that Jock felt very badly, when he took the reins from his master's hand at the station, the old man said, in a husky voice.

"There has never been any answer to the letter you posted, Jock; but I hope we shall soon bring Miss Dolly home."

Now that he could speak of her, it was "Miss Dolly"; it would have burnt his tongue to call her by any other name.

Jock looked after the farmer, and a confession trembled on the tip of his tongue.

He had overheard, pulling open drawers; then he came down again, with a knapsack swung across his shoulders, and put his head inside the door. "God bless you, old

follow; I'm off to Dixirell," he said, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TODAY.

When we consider how a mere word, carelessly spoken, can accidentally turn the tide of our destiny, may alter our lives, and even affect our loves, it seems wonderful that the great tide should roll even so smoothly as it does.

Farmer de Lucy had a confidential servant,

called Jock, a sturdy countryman,

whose only fault was that he loved a glass of beer.

This was a very venial error,

but so late, and whilst rich men drink their wine,

why shouldn't a poor man enjoy his beer?

But then this little failing of Jock's robbed an old father of his darling, a child of its mother,

and the world of a fair young girl.

They managed to reach Paris, however;

but so late, that it was necessary to stay the night. At the hotel, which a fellow-traveler recommended, there was a waiter who "spiked English," and certainly did murder it most cruelly.

But with the help of Emilie's boarding-school French,

they at last succeeded in making him comprehend that they wanted a carriage early the next morning to take them to Dixirell, and, after this, the worst of their difficulties were over.

"I shall be glad enough when we get back home," the old man said, wearily to his daughter, before he tried to snatch a little rest.

The old man tried to take a nap, but he was disturbed by the noise of the Queen's English!

Emilie reasonably suggested that this was not so very wonderful, considering that they were all French; but her father would not admit the excuse.

"They ought to learn our language first," he said. "Just see what fools they are, stammering and hesitating as if they didn't know how to talk! Poor Dolly must have had a hard time of it amongst all these heathens folk!"

"Well, don't they worship images, then?"

The old man was not in a fit state to be argued with, and so Emilie held her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GRAY EYES.

Pensive looks a hand eye,
Gazing like "Death" or like "Life."
The cheek that blanches love.
Whence your eyes see me.
These eyes are blanches, my love.
The lips that sweet to kiss.
Beneath those eyes of gray.
These lips are blanches, my love.
As few as ever are in May.
The heart I call my own.
You gave me long ago.
For that gray eye, now gone.
I have no thoughts worth one.
These lips that least I'd trust.
On earth, all else beyond.
These lips have lost their taste.
That heart will ever be found.

ONE RAINY DAY.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

A day of late, cold autumnal rains, drip, drip, splash, spash against the window, vines breaking and clouds tossing, and great banks of mist lying on the hills. That was outside. Inside, in the breakfast-room, there was plenty of light and warmth and color. A fire kindled of well-seasoned sticks of hard maple-wood crackled on the hearth, ladies moved about beaming in prettily, got up morning dresses, the clock ticked off the few lingering minutes before eight, and an Agora cat snuggled comfortably on the rug.

This much by way of introduction. We had our growl out at the weather, and then we took our places at the table. It seemed a special Providence that we all had a letter that gloomy morning. I glanced over my customary notes from Sister Martha filled withatty gossip, and begged my to come down for Christmas. Bella Percy opened a sheet of commercial letter paper, and a strong smell of Tobacco smoke and then blushed all over rosy red as her cashmere wrapper, while Mrs. St. John, our hostess took up a long, white official-looking envelope, covered with sprawling characters, and blotched of black ink and sealed with a big red seal.

I despise people who are always evading things from the depths of their inner consciousness, but as soon as I saw that envelope I knew it held a mystery. I knew there was a secret within it, and that I should sooner or later be made acquainted with it. As I have no business of my own, I mind everybody else's business. Everybody comes to me with secrets, and my mind is an odd sort of receptacle for little bits and tangs of other people's histories, their troubles and disappointments, and hopes and aims. A queer sort of bribe-a-brac collection.

While we were chattering, Bella and I, exchanging bits of news, the door opened, and Margaret St. John came in. Immediately there fell upon us that sort of hushed, waiting silence which comes over a crowded church when the preacher walks up the aisle. We felt that vague, dim awe and reverence, which the coldest heart must ever feel when brought face to face with one whom God has chosen by drawing a veil over the light of the mind.

She came forward quickly and took the chair waiting for her. A faint flush tinged her thin cheek, and the soft shadow of sleep still lay in her large blue vacant eyes.

"You are late this morning, Margaret," said Mrs. St. John, folding her letter with an odd, quick look at her sister. "I am afraid the climate is cold. Well, won't you please come for Marjey's toast?"

"I know it is a dream—"

"Her voice had a certain lifelessness as if the spirit had faded out of her, as she spoke her beautiful child-like face brightened, and the shadow of her last reason seemed struggling in those dreadfully vacant eyes."

"You know I love to dream," she went on plaintively. "I am so happy then, but when I wake it all goes from me. I try to remember, oh, how I try to remember, but everything is dark."

She looked at Mrs. St. John pitifully, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. It was the calm grief of a child, no passion, only a dull, perplexed sadness.

"I don't wonder you are out of spirits," said Bella, shivering. "It's a beastly day out."

"Bella!" said Mrs. St. John's reproving voice.

"Well, it is a nasty day! Rain, rain! What are we to do with ourselves? I wish Mr. St. John would come. The sight of a man would be a relief, even if he is one's host and master, middle-aged and a little bit fussy. It would break the everlasting sameness of things."

"I, too, wish he would come," said our hostess, sighing faintly. "I surely thought he would be at home this morning—I want him very much."

I knew the contents of that mysterious letter were weighing on her mind, masking her wish for her husband's counsel, and I was prepared, when we rose from the table, for the little nod which bade me follow her, ostensibly on her way to the nursery.

"What do you think?" she cried, grasping me by the arm, as we were alone in the hall. "Lewis Barrington has come back again."

I stood in open-mouthed astonishment. This was the last thing I had expected.

"When?" I asked, at length.

"He is coming here; he is on the way now. That letter I got this morning was from him. It seems that Aunt Laura, when she died left a legacy and a communication for him, a sealed letter with her lawyer. But nobody knew where Lewis was. You remember, when she died, how much talk there was. He was advertised and letters were sent everywhere, but he was not to be found."

"I remember," I broke in. "People thought he was dead. There was a rumor, you know, that he had joined the expedition fitting out then for the Polar seas, and another that he had gone into the English service and was sent to India."

"Yes, yes! I know—well, there was no truth in any of the reports. Poor Lewis all this time was in Southern Mexico. Heaven knows what he was doing, half mad, fighting with his love and his despair, believing Margaret was false to him, and so trying to forget her, but only loving her all the more!"

"I should like to read you his letter," she went on, with tears in her eyes, "but no! it is sealed." Well, at last he saw, by sheer accident, one of the newspaper advertisements. He wrote immediately to the lawyer, and got in answer Aunt Laura's letter. She confessed all her treachery, how she had made Margaret think that his desertion was voluntary. She told him of Marjey's long illness and its dreadful consequences, her blighted mind—and ended by begging him to forgive her. "You can never think so," I answered, indignantly. "And Margaret, poor, poor Margaret. How will she bear this? How will she meet him? Will she recognize him, now, after all these years of darkness? Will it be ill or well for her to see him now?"

"Ah! there is the trouble!" said Mrs. St. John, wringing her hands. "Poor Margaret poor Margaret! It will break my heart to see them meet; they were so fond of each other once; she only lived for him—and now, to see her turn to him that vacant unresponsive face."

She dropped down on the floor and bent her face on her knees sobbing. I could hear the rain drip on the gravel walk below, and through the low sorrowful moan of the wind came the faint murmur of Margaret's monotonous, lifeless voice.

"But, who knows," broke out Mrs. St. John, in a brighter tone, "who can tell but that great good may come of it? When we were in Germany with her last year, the professor who examined her case, said that some quick, great shock of the mind might restore her. You know when she is asleep, when she dreams, the past all comes back to her; she is perfectly rational. I have sat by her beside many times and heard her prattle with Aunt Laura, with Lewis, and everything is with her as it once was, she is our own darling, beautiful, bright Margaret again. And yet as soon as she wakes her mind is as blank, she can remember nothing. And yet there is a faint gleam of light behind the darkness. It breaks my heart to see her trying to recall the past. A faint mist seems to lie before her eyes, and yet, strain as she will, she cannot pierce through it."

"Marion! Marion!" called Margaret's plaintive voice, and at the sound we started.

"You go down," said my companion hurriedly. "I must bathe my face and make myself presentable as a hostess. Oh, I wish St. John were here!"

Bella was in the window drumming, and Margaret was by the fire when I went down. She had some embroidery, with beads and bright-colored silks, and she asked prettily for Marion to help her. I made some light excuse, and presently Mrs. St. John came in.

Tears came into my eyes as I watched the poor fair, patient head bent over the needles, trying so wistfully to comprehend the design. Her hands trembled with eagerness; drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and all the masses of her abundant fair curling hair fell down about her slender throat and shoulders.

Suddenly, while the two were thus engaged, a carriage dashed up in the rain and stopped at the gate. Mrs. St. John rose quickly and rang the bell.

"If any asks to see Mr. St. John or myself," she said to the servant who answered, "take them at once to the library, where there is a fire. I will see them there."

During all this time Bella was examining, wondering what it could be. Margaret did not look up, but sat busy with her silks and beads.

We watched eagerly while a tall, heavily draped figure descended from the carriage and stood a moment in the rain, giving directions to the driver. There was a brief parley, and then the carriage whirled off up the street to the village inn, and the gentleman walked quickly up and rang the bell.

We heard his voice and the confusion in the hall, and then the sound of his footsteps walking quickly along the hall to the library. When the servant came to call Mrs. John, I saw that although she had been prepared for this meeting and fighting for strength, her face was pale as death. As she rose she stopped, looked at me, then stooping, she kissed Margaret tenderly, passionately.

"God bless you, my darling!" she said, and then hurried from the room.

Bella Percy opened her gray eyes.

"Why, what does that mean? What is the matter with Marion?" she asked.

I pretended not to hear her. My nerves were strung up to a fearful tension. It seemed to me that I must shriek out in the awful stillness of the room. The clock ticked, the fire crackled, the cat rose lazily, scratching with sharp claws at the rug, and these two people, who had been so fond of each other once, the one so unconscious now both of her sorrow, no passion, sat divided by a single door, oh! by far more than a single door, divided by a misfortune so awful, that though they were beneath the same roof, they were a million leagues of measured earth apart.

"I am so happy," she said, as if the words were a prayer.

The sun broke through the clouds at that moment, and a warm, red light streamed over her. A bird hopped to the window-sill, and began to sing.

"Let us, too, have some music," said Bella, going to the piano. And together we sang Mendelssohn's chorale from "St. Paul's": "How lovely are the messengers."

At last, I heard footsteps coming. I gazed at the ribbon round my throat, which seemed to be choking me. The room whirled round and round with me, and then in the midst of the confusion the door opened and Mrs. St. John appeared, followed by a stranger.

I saw a tall, slight figure, clothed in black garments, a head covered with beautiful dark hair, just tinged with gray, and, shining out of a pale face, eyes that seemed to flash sparks of eager fire.

This was Lewis Barrington. He gave one quick glance round the room, saw nothing, took in nothing, but with a determined, stately, bold, blithe look in her eyes, the look that you see in an animal sometimes, dumb, bold, blithe, carefree.

Her lips quivered, her face flushed; her mind seemed to be groping, ranging like an imprisoned creature round and round a wall, trying to break through, but also vainly, finding no crack, no crevice, not one glimmer of light.

"Margaret," he said in the same tone.

He was evidently putting a firm restraint on himself. I saw in his face the wild desire to clasp her in his arms, to sweep over her all his great passion of love, horror, grief, and hot, fierce resentment at the author of all this woe.

"Margay, don't you remember?"

He was evidently putting a firm restraint on himself. I saw in his face the wild desire to clasp her in his arms, to sweep over her all his great passion of love, horror, grief, and hot, fierce resentment at the author of all this woe.

"I am tired," breathed Margaret, plaintively. "Oh, how tired I am." Her head drooped weakly.

"My God!" said Lewis, dropping her hands. "This—is this what that woman did for pride and avance."

Bella Percy leaned her head on my shoulder and sobbed aloud. "What does it mean? oh, what does it mean?" she cried.

"I am so tired," said Margaret, again.

She raised her eyes to Lewis, with a startled, beseeching look. It was painful, again, to witness the struggle of the poor, disappointed, feeble wife in their effort to regain something of the old brightness.

"You must forgive me," she said gently. "Sometimes, I dare say, I shall remember, but now I am tired. I had a dream last night—somebody then called me 'Margay'—she stopped, and threw back her head. Her whole frame quivered in her agony.

It was the stillness room. The rain had ceased. Mrs. St. John stood with clasped hands, waiting. Lewis, with brightening eyes, beside her.

"Margay," he said, in a low voice, almost a whisper.

"I have been trying to remember," said Margaret, now impatived for the first time. "There was a rainy day like this—oh, what is it?" and she put her hands to her head in pain.

"Sarah!"

"Sarah!"

"Sarah! why do you take the injured



moment more and Nellie was by his side, sobbing out her joy.

In one of the grated rooms of the State Asylum for lunatics Sarah Bolton sits, waiting ever for the coming of the Floating Feather across the lake, which is always before her eyes.

WHERE IS THY REST?

BY GEO. KLINGLE.

Is there no rest for the heart?
The wild bird ruffing his deckered breast,
Chants on the rocks and under the wild woods;
Chants on the rocks and on the quivering wings,
Is there no rest for the heart?

The wild gold on the scented air
Seeks its rest and finds it where
In the glow of the sunbeams the gold wings
Is there no rest for the heart?

The wild gull on the scented air
Seeks its rest and finds it where
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